Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not liue,
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Moun. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the Law should end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an Interest in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *Exit*

Enter Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see todoe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of loue to blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads
Hood my vnmand bloud baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black-browd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when hee shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my *Nurse*:

Enter Nurse *with cords.*

And shee brings newes and euery tongue that speakes
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now *Nurse*, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iuliet. Ay me, what newes? why dost thou wring thy hands:
Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be so enuious.
Nur. *Romeo* can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iu. What diuell art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo,
Nur.